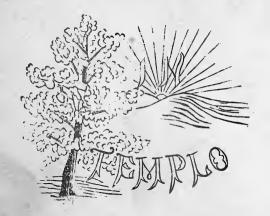
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IN TEMPLO.

A Poem,

By Fra Pietro, pend.?

OSBORN, OHIO: Shull Brothers, Publishers. 1889.





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Let others sing of babbling streams,

The silvery mist of steep cascades
That leap to dim, abysmal shades,
And weave in light, aerial dreams,
The loveliness of vernal woods,
Melodious with the song of birds,
And many a green and grassy lea.
Filled with the lowing of the herds:
I sing of hearts, whose myriad moods
Are fraught with pleasure or with paint
I sing the new Saturnian reign.
I weep the loss of purity.









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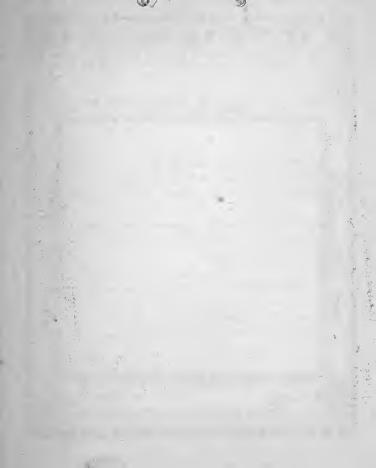
Sweer were these sylvan solitudes at the When soft amid the ancient, broad-armed oaks,

And branching clims, were east the stin's list beams:

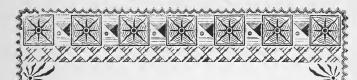
And when the low was Is whispered pence deep peace.

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And murmured of celestial purity, Repeating legends of that elder age, When gods y i frequented the haunt of men,

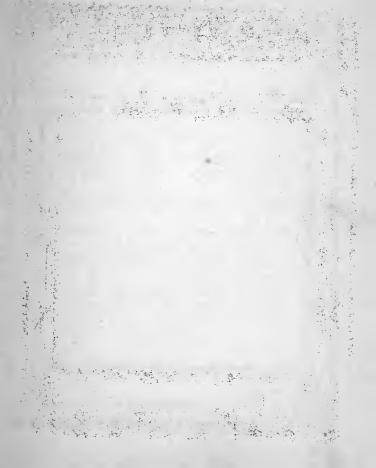
And the pure sod yet knew no deeper stain-Than dews of morn, showered from the hand of Night.

Lulled by the dreamy sounds and social I seemed

In reverse to dwell amid the graves. Of ancient lands, in long-torgotten days,

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Ere yet the white adopt goaldess, honoromer. Had fled the hours of anyly and smaller the skies.

Where earth's state and removed by were count

The torest sense the uniterated A carde By inseen bands of an inerselect all.
Save for the reverse of a tree evening winds.
Whose rising surges and some allences.
Were as a hyper of pure and groy, flung.
From the quivernes stronge of harm abolian.









Before the altar stood the holy priest. Interpreter of Heaven's oracles,

Awed by the silence, burdened with the thought

Of ages passed in misery and tears,

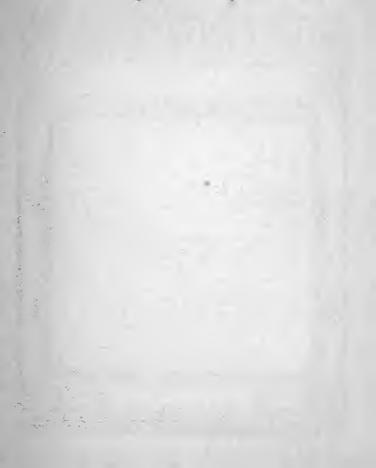
I knelt and cried: "() God! bring back the age

Of happiness thy creatures once enjoyed " L'en while I prayed, from out the altar cam A voice that spake in strange and unknow) tongues.

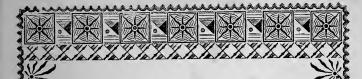
And, lifting up his holy hands, the priest

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Declared: "That age shall nevermore return:

This wave of Time shall ever onward sweep. Till on Eternity's dim shore it break; That age shall nevermore return to bless. With joys unspeakable, the human race. Through error, first, ye lost that high estate. Which ye enjoyed; those noble powers which first.

Gave ye exalted rank above the beasts, Have been debased, and ye are sunk to depths

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Of misery and woe deeper than the abyss: Those powers which ministered to pleasure first.

Now minister to pain; those high desires. Those aspirations unto höliness. No longer fill your souls; and reason's throne By passion is usurped. Beneath the hills The glimmering star of wisdom low is sunk; Vice waxeth strong while virtue languisheth. That age of happiness no more returns; But in the other distance comes an age, Far fairer and far nobler than the first."

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He ceased; and far into the outer space.

The temple walls expanded, and I saw
In the dim vista of the ages past.

The palmy plains of Paradise, engirt
With mystic rivers,—home of joy and peace
I saw the hills and vales of Arcady.

Where, in simplicity and artlessness.

The shepherd loved to watch his flock and sing
The sweet, though humble strains which Nat-

ure taught.

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Then came the rise of power; the patriarch Rose to a throne and grasped a monarch's crown.

The wealth of seas adorned his palaces, And flattering courtiers, in their rich attire, His fickle favor bought with easy speech: His people were his slaves, and on their necks.

His heel, in ruthless cruelty, was set:Deep outrage to the equal rights of men.
Which, for long ages, stained the earth with
blood.



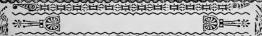






While yet the tyrant gloried in his power,
The hermit sought his lonely cave, to dwell
In deep seclusion from the cares of earth,
To ponder o'er the sacred rolls, and keep
His soul in purity and holiness.
His brothers, greedy of despotic sway,
Made kings and councils yield obedience
And reverence unto the Triple Crown:

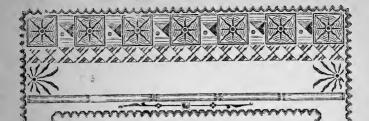
A tyranny which strewed the southern plains
With ashes of the martyred saints of Christ,
When priest-hoods sunk and ancient empires
fell,











Upon the ruins, Freedom, god-like, raised The altar and the throne, and man was free. Upon those heights, where manhood grows sublime.

He stood and gazed into the future years.
While hope beat high. His nobler nature rose.

Enfreed from tyrant heel and priestly sway: Vet, still a slave to petty vices, joy And happiness not yet to him returned.

Again the temple walls shut out the scene.

五世五年五年末末年五年五十五









And winds of evening whispered peace, deep peace,

And murmured of celestial purity;Peace yet to come, when in that promised age,

The soul shall be in harmony with God; And purity, when love to God and man Shall be ascendant in the human soul,

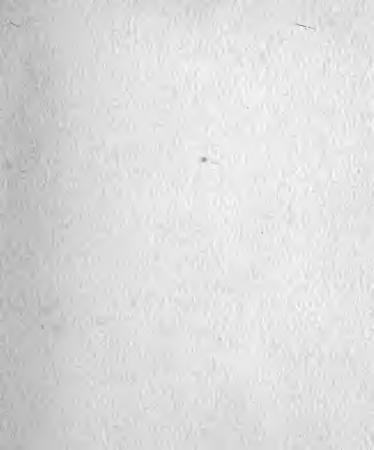


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